La. Doest graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest one houre in your sweet bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. These eies could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Black night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His

La. His better doth not b
Glo. Go too, he liues that
La. Name him. *Glo.* P
La. Why what was he?
Glo. The selfe same nam
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere.
Why doest thou spit at mee
La. Would it were mort
Glo. Neuer came poyson
La. Neuer hung poyson
Out of my sight, thou doest
Glo. Thine eies sweet L
La. Would they were B
Glo. I would they were t
For now they kill me with a
Those eies of thine, from m
Shamed their aspect with st
I neuer sued to friend nor e
My tongue could neuer lea
But now thy beautie is pro
My proud heart sues, and pr
Teach not thy lips such sco
For kissing Lady, not for suc
If thy reuengefull heart can
Loe here I lend thee this sha
Which if thou please to hid
And let the soule forth tha
I laie it naked to the deadly
And humbly beg the death
Nay, do not pawse, twas I th
But twas thy beautie that pr
Nay now dispatch, twas I th
But twas thy heauenly face
Take vp the sword againe, o
La. Arise dissembler, th
I will not be the executione
Glo. Then bid me kill m
La. I haue alreadie.

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